

## HERALD'S PAGE FOR WOMEN READERS

Housewives Daily Economy Calendar.  
The Housewife's Cook Book.

The best sort of cook book is really not a cook book at all. It might be called a cook book, if it had to have a name. The ideal way of keeping cooking recipes is to write them on cards arranged alphabetically according to subjects, and these cards are kept in a little box. A neat little box with a hinged cover complete with a set of cards can be bought for about 75 cents. Any box that will hold a set of cards will do the purpose, however. The chief advantage of cards over the pages of a book is that they may be removed and conveniently laid before you as you cook, that when soiled they may be copied and the old cards destroyed, and that they may be rearranged at will, giving room for new recipes at any time.

Every housewife should have a cook book of her own. There are many large complete books on cooking that are almost ideal in their directions for the beginner, but no one of these books, nor all of them will take the place of the individual book—the accumulation of a lifetime, sometimes, and the register of family tradition, taste and individuality. First there are these old recipes that are a matter of family tradition and which household has not special ways of cooking the common dishes that are more acceptable to the particular family than all the scientific recipes in the world. Then there are the recipes that come as a matter of individual experience, inventions in culinary art that every housewife works out for herself. These there are recipes gathered from many outside sources. If you keep a cook book you will be able to gain valuable recipes even from the least efficient of them. National dishes, often embodying valuable principles of economy, can be learned from the European women who find employment in our kitchens, and these recipes adapted to the American taste and food supply should find place in the housewife's cook book. Then there are the housewife's own recipes, the interesting ways of cooking things when she travels, or gains suggestions from the restaurants, hotels, or the social luncheon or dinner party.

The best way to arrange your re-



clips of the cards in your box is to begin with a list of ingredients, enumerated in the order in which they are to be used. Offer to an experienced cook, this list of ingredients will be enough, for it is needless to say that the butter and sugar for a cake must be creamed together at the outset, and that the whites of eggs must be beaten and added to the cake batter last of all. The cook book should contain many suggestions as well as recipes. Under vegetables keep a list of possible ways to serve various kinds of vegetables, ways which you may forget, but for which you hardly need to have a specific recipe. For instance, under a card marked cucumbers, you could have the following list:

Cucumbers stewed served with white sauce.

Cucumbers sliced and served with butter, pepper and salt.

Cucumbers fried. Quarter and parboil. Season and roll in butter, fry in buttered frying pan for twenty minutes.

Cucumbers sliced lengthwise and baked with bread and egg stuffing.

These and various methods of serving cucumbers which might easily be forgotten from one season to another, will simply recall the possibilities that are in this single vegetable, and if a list like this were kept for each vegetable, the housewife would have little excuse for monotony in cooking.

Frances Marshall will be glad to answer in this column any questions concerning household subjects.

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## THREE PHASES OF ONE STYLE

When the Premet blouse first appeared it was long and wrinkled and tight, like the model shown in the lower left-hand corner—a French frock of wine-colored satin in two shades. Now it has been much modified, and the Salamander frock, which is pictured on the left, is really modeled on the same lines as the original Premet blouse, combined with the long Cheruit tunic. In the upper right-hand sketch still another modification of this new blouse is shown.



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Little Adventures in Married Life  
SHOPPING  
By Katherine BrooksHusband Twits Wife on Her  
Tiresome Hunt for a Dress,  
Then Recalls His Experience  
with Tailor.

Stella dropped into a chair, leaned her head back and closed her eyes. She raised herself once more to take off her hat and run her fingers wearily through her hair, rubbing her head as though it ached. Then she lay back again and remained motionless. Bud found her so when he came home.

"Hello," he said. "Tired out?"

"Absolutely exhausted," murmured Stella in a faint voice.

"What doing?"

"Shopping."

"Heavens! you must have bought out

but I assure you it's no fun at all."

"But, my dear girl, you went in for 10

clock, and here it is almost 6. Where

did you go?"

"I went first to Chase's, where Adeline

bought hers. They showed me a navy

blue crepe that I liked, only it had short

sleeves and I wanted long. Then I went

—oh, everywhere! She shut her eyes

again as she put down her cup and

leaned back. "I tried on till my eyes

ached, and finally I had to go back to

Chase's after all."

"And bought the one you looked at

first?" cried Bud.

Stella nodded, still with her eyes closed.

Bud grinned and smote his knee softly,

but she did not see him. Presently she

said:

"At McCallister's I saw some awfully

good looking men's suits in the window.

You may see about getting yours, Bud."

"Oh, I got one today," he answered

nonchalantly, unfolding his evening

paper.

"Heavens! you must have bought out

the town. Where'd you go?"

"Everywhere—from pillar to post. From

Dan to Beersheba."

"And what did you buy?"

"A dress."

"How many did you say?"

"One."

The maid entering at that moment with

a cup of tea, he fetched a laurel for

Stella, and sat down beside her.

"One dress," he went on, reflectively.

"Just after I telephoned you," Stella

answered, whom the tea revived. "Yes,

I know it seems foolish to you, but I

couldn't find what I wanted. You seem

to think I like to spend all day on my

feet looking at things and trying on

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